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THE REFLECTOR.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

The progress of life towards its close, like the travel of the earth into its orbit, hurries us imperceptibly onward to the goal, while in either case we seem to be reminded of our transit only by the alteration of the seasons. Time as it speeds down the current to mingle with foregone ages, passes by us with such noiseless tread, that we scarcely heed its lapse in the lesser portions of hours and days; and even moons wax and wane in such fleeting succession, that we are almost unconscious of the brief periods, which measure their age. It is only at the limits of its broader divisions, that we pause to contemplate the changes and devastations, which a year may spread over the wide face of human society, and to note the large deduction it has made from the term of our own mortal lease. Such is our present position, at the end of another stage in the journey of life. When we look back upon the distance we have passed since we last exchanged the salutations of the season, we can not avoid the sober reflection that we have taken a long stride towards the tomb: and while we bid farewell to the dying year, as to an old friend, who has fulfilled the commission of life, and from whom we are about to be separated forever, we involuntarily throw a timid and hesitating glance over the record, which is now sealing up as a part of our final account.

It is the melancholly distinction of some of these periods to be signalized in our calendars as epochs of unwonted calamity, and to revive in our mind the gloomy train of images, which their disastrous events have pictured upon the memory. No such painful memorials, however, will sadden the remembrance of the retiring year. Its course has been marked only by beneficent dispensations and merciful immunities. No malignant influences of the sky have descended to blast the promise of the fields, or defeat the labors of honest industry. No desolating tempests have swept over the ocean to bury in its bosom the hopes of commerce, and strew its wrecks upon the shores. No convulsions of nature have "mingled earth and heaven in elementary strife," or ingulphed the habitations of men in the capacious grave of an earthquake or

a volcano. The monarch of the tomb has sent abroad no mortal epidemic to scatter pestilence through the land, nor commissioned the grisly ministers of his empire to shroud whole cities in sackcloth. Death has indeed been marching onward in his career with sure and steady pace, and victim after victim has been pierced by his shaft. Here and there we may have seen a domestic circle in our neighbourhood clad in sables. The friend who a short time since walked blithely along by our side, as buoyant with the hope of life as ourselves, may have been torn from our embrace, and sunk into the grave at our feet. But these single conquests of the destroyer are only the common monitions of our frailty, which no portion of time has failed to supply, since mortality was made a law of our nature. This gradual waste of life, however, trenches not upon the truth of our remark, that the year just closed, has been distinguished by beneficent dispensations and merciful immunities; and we bid it farewell with the grateful recollection, that health, peace and plenty have been constantly found in its train of blessings.—

Salem Observer.

FIXED PRINCIPLE INDISPENSABLE.

Setting the consideration of religion and virtue aside, and attending merely to interest and reputation, it will be found that he who enters on active life without having ascertained some regular plan, according to which he is to guide himself, will be unprosperous in the whole of his subsequent progress. But when conduct is viewed in a moral and religious light, the effect of having no fixed principle of action, of having formed no laudable standard of character, becomes obviously more fatal. For hence it is, that the young and thoughtless imbibe so readily the poison of "evil communication," and fall a prey to every seducer. They have no internal guide whom they are accustomed to follow and obey; nothing within themselves that can give firmness to their conduct. They are of course the victims of momentary inclination or caprice; religious and good by starts, when, during the absence of temptation and tempters, the virtuous principle stirs within them, but never long the same; changing and fluctuating according to the passion which chances to rise, or the insti-

gation of those with whom they have connected themselves. They are sailing on a dangerous sea, which abounds with rocks; without a compass by which to direct their course, or helm by which to guide their vessel. Whereas, if they acted on a system, if their behaviour made it appear that they were determined to conduct themselves by certain rules and principles, they would command respect from the licentious themselves. Evil doers would cease to lay their snares for one whom they saw moving above them, in a higher sphere, and with a more steady course.

Nothing can be more wavering and disjointed, than the behaviour of those who are wholly men of the world, and have been innured to commune with themselves. Dissipation is a more frequent cause of their ruin than determined impiety. It is not so much because they have never attended principles of any kind, that their lives are so full of incoherence and disorder.— You hover on the borders of sin and duty. One day you read the Scriptures, you hear religious discourses, and form good resolutions. Next day you plunge into the world, and forget the serious impression, as if it had never been made. The impression is again renewed, and again effaced; and in this circle your life revolves.— Is such conduct worthy of creatures endowed with intelligent powers? Shall the close of life overtake you before you have determined how to live? Shall the day never come, that is to find you steady in your views, decided in your plans, and engaged in a course of action which your mind approves? If you wish the day ever to arrive, retirement and meditation must first bring you home to yourselves, from the dissipation in which you are now scattered! and they must teach you to fix such aims, and to lay down such rules of conduct, as are suitable to rational and immortal beings. Then will your character become uniform and respectable. Then you may hope that your life will proceed in such a train as shall prepare you, when it is finished, for joining the society of more exalted spirits.

It is a careless train of living, that is the general ruin of mankind. They follow their inclinations without examining whether there be any principles which they ought to form for regulating their conduct. The chief corrective of this mischief is that which has been suggested;

by bringing conscience into a frequent exercise of his power, and thereby awakening its authority over life.—*Beauties of Literature.*

The mind never feels with more energy, and satisfaction, that it lives, that it is rational, great, free, and immortal, than during those moments in which it excludes all idle and impertinent intruders.

The time is near, when the great and the rich must leave his land, and his well built house; and of all the trees of his orchards and woods, nothing shall attend him to his grave, but oak for his coffin, and cypress for his funeral.

ISTORY.

Epitome of important events which took place during the Revolution

March 22, 1765—Stamp Act passed passed by the British Parliament, the first attempt to tax America, without allowing her a representation in the Parliament.

October, 1765—First Congress convened at New-York, which petitioned for the repeal of the Stamp Act.

March, 17, 1766—The Stamp Act repealed, reserving, however, a right to make laws binding on the colonies in all cases whatsoever.

1767—Duties levied on Teas, Paper, Glass, &c. all of which, excepting that on Teas, were repealed in 1768.

Sept. 30, 1768—Arrival of British troops at Boston from Halifax.

March 4, 1770—Boston Massacre.

Dec. 16, 1773—Destruction of 340 chests of tea in Boston harbor, by a party of citizens disguised as Indians.

June 1, 1774—Second Congress convened at Philadelphia.

Oct. 1774—After drawing up a memorial to the people of England, recommending to the colonies to discontinue all commerce with Great Britain, and advising their constituents to a new choice of delegates, to meet on the 10th of May, 1775, the Congress dissolved.

April 19, 1775—Battle of Lexington, in which the Provincials lost in killed and wounded 88; the British 273.

June 17, 1775—Battle of Bunker Hill, in which the Provincials lost 449; the British, 1154, including 89 officers, and the village of Charlestown, containing 386 buildings, set on fire by order of the British commander, and entirely consumed.

May 30, 1775—Articles of confederation and union agreed on by the colonies.

July 2, 1775—Washington takes command of the Provincial army.

Dec. 1875—Quebec besieged by Arnold and Montgomery, who had previously con-

quered Montreal. In a fruitless attempt to take that city by *escalade*, Montgomery was slain December 31.

March 4, 1776—Dorchester Heights fortified by Washington during the night.

March 17, 1776—Boston evacuated by the British.

June 29, 1776—The British squadron, under Sir Peter Parker, attacked Sullivan's Island, in Charleston harbor, S. C. and were repulsed with the loss of more than 200 men; the Americans lost only 32.

July 4, 1776—Declaration of Independence by Congress.

July 12, 1776—Lord Howe arrived at Staten Island from Europe, with a formidable squadron, and 30,000 men, chiefly Hessians.

Aug. 28, 1776—Landed with his brother, sir William, and 24,000 troops, at Long Island.

Aug 28, 1776—Battle of Long Island, in which the Americans were beaten with the loss of 1000 men, and Lord Sterling and Gen. Sullivan captured; British and Hessian loss 450.

Oct. 21, 1776—Battle of White Plains, New-York.

Nov. 16, 1776—Fort Washington captured by the British, after losing 1200 men.

Dec 26, 1776—Washington, having been constrained to cross the Delaware with the remnant of his army into Pennsylvania. recrossed in the night and fell upon a detachment of 1200 Hessians at Trenton, under Col. Rhal, who was mortally wounded and 900 of his corps taken prisoners.

Dec. 30, 1776—Battle of Princeton, in which Washington was victorious; British loss 60 killed and 600 prisoners; American General Mercer slain.

1777—Two vessels arrived in the U. S. with arms, &c. of which the Americans stood much in need. In May Col. Meigs, with 170 men, made a descent on Long Island in whale boats, destroyed 12 British vessels, and bro't away 90 prisoners, without losing a man.

July, 1777—Lord Percy resigned his command in Rhode Island to Gen. Prescott, who was surprised and captured in bed by Col. Barton and a small party which embarked from Warwick Neck and landed at Newport island at midnight.

August 16, 1777—Battle of Bennington, Vt. in which 1500 British Regulars and 100 Indians under Col Baum, were routed and the most of them taken prisoners and a detachment, sent to reinforce him, put to flight by a body of Green Mountain Boys under Gen. Starks.

Sept. 26, 1777—Battle of the Brandywine, in which the Americans were defeated, with a loss of 1200 men killed and wounded, among the latter was Gen. LaFayette, dangerously.

Sept 11, 1777—Philadelphia, the capital of

the United States, evacuated by Washington, and entered by Lord Cornwallis.

October 4, 1777—Battle of Germantown, in which the Americans lost 1000 men, the British about 500.

Oct. 1777—Gen. Burgoyne, after losing 2933 men at Stillwater and other places, surrendered the remainder of his army (6752) to the Americans under Gen. Gates.

Dec. 1777—Washington retires into winter quarters at Valley Forge, most of his troops being without shoes or tents, and sheltering themselves in temporary huts.

Feb. 6, 1778—Treaties of alliance signed between France and the United States, in which our Independence is acknowledged

June 18, 1778—The British evacuated Philadelphia.

July 28, 1778—Battle of Monmouth, N.J. in which the Americans were victorious.

July, 1778—Arrival of the French fleet under admiral d'Estaing.

November, 1778—Savannah captured by the British.

June, 1779—Expedition from Massachusetts under Gen. Lovell, which ended in the destruction of the fleet under Com. Saltonstall, and the dispersion of the army.

July 5, 1779—Stoney Point captured by the Americans under Gen. Wayne.

Sept. 16, 1779—Savannah besieged by the French fleet under D'Estaing, and the American army under Gen. Lincoln.

Oct. 11, 1779—The besiegers attempted to storm the town of Savannah, and were repulsed with great slaughter, 600 French and 200 Americans killed and wounded, among the latter Count Pulaski, mortally.

April 9, 1780—Charleston invested by the British land and naval forces under Sir Henry Clinton.—Surrendered May 12, 1780.

July 11, 1780—A French squadron under Admiral de Tiernay arrived at Newport R.I. with 6000 troops under Count Rochambeau.

August 15, 1780—Battle of Camden, S.C. in which Gates is defeated by Cornwallis, who took 290 wounded prisoners, artillery, &c. Baron de Kalb mortally wounded.

Sept. 22, 1780—Gen. Arnold, having obtained the command of West Point opened a correspondence with Clinton, and offered to deliver that fortress into his hands. His treason was discovered by the capture of Major Andre, who had been employed by Clinton to confer with him.

Oct. 2, 1780—Arnold escaped to New-York, where he received 10,000*l.* and a commission in the British army, as a reward for his treachery, and Major Andre, lamented by all, was executed at Tappau, N. Y. as a spy.

Oct. 7, 1780—Battle of King's Mountain, S.C. in which 200 British were killed and wounded, and 800 taken prisoners.

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memorial to their legislature, that *four months' pay* of a private would not procure a bushel of wheat for his family, and that of a colonel would not find oats for his horse.—But the troops were so firm in their attachment to the cause of their country, that, although their sufferings were great in the extreme, they refused the offers of bounty made by the British commander. Most of these difficulties arose from the depreciation of the continental money, which in 1780 amounted to 200 millions, and passed at sixty dollars for one of silver, and afterwards fell to one hundred and fifty for one.]

January 17, 1781—Battle of the Cowpens, S. C. in which Col. Tarleton was defeated by Gen. Morgan: American loss, 72, British 300 killed and wounded and 500 taken prisoners.

March 15, 1781—Battle of Guilford Courthouse, in which Gen. Greene was defeated by Cornwallis.

Sept. 8, 1781—The British defeated by Gen. Greene at Eutaw Springs, S. C with a loss on their side of 1100 men.

Oct. 18, 1781—Lord Cornwallis, with upwards of 7000 troops under his command, having taken post at York Town, was besieged by the combined army under Washington and Rochambeau, and surrendered the forces under his command.

April 19 1782—Holland acknowledged the Independence of the U. States. Just seven years after the battle of Lexington.

July, 1782—Georgia evacuated by the British; and South Carolina in December.

Nov. 30, 1782—Provisional articles of peace signed between the American and British Commissioners at Paris, in which the United States were declared by the British King to be Free, Sovereign and Independent.

1783—Sweden and Denmark acknowledged the Independence of the United States February, Spain in March, and Russia in July.

Sept. 3, 1783—Definitive Treaty of Peace signed at Paris, by David Hartley on the part of Great Britain, and by Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and John Adams on the part of the United States.

SCIENTIFIC.

New Surgical Operation.—There is in the middle of each tooth as every anatomist knows, a little cavity, in which the fine branches of nerves, passing through the roots of the teeth are expanded. The expansion of nervous matter is the seat of sensation in the teeth; and when, by caries or decay of the enamel, it is exposed to the influence of external agencies, the patient is generally obliged on account of the violence of the pain, to have the whole tooth pulled out. An ingenious surgeon from America, lately settled in London, has satisfactorily shown that the diseas-

ed part of the tooth, including the cavity above described; may be cut off with the greatest ease and celerity, and that the sound root or roots may be allowed to remain in their sockets. This mode of procedure has been shown and explained to the most scientific surgeons of this town, who have expressed their conviction of its utility. The operation has been performed on more than 200 members of the profession, and they have invariably declared that it occasioned no pain and that it could scarcely be felt; as their own certificates show. The instruments used for this purpose are very simple; they are a few plain forceps, right angled and straight, with cutting edges, like the common surgical bone forceps, but those edges are made accurately to fit the necks of the teeth, and only the necks; so that, however decayed a tooth may be the forceps may be safely and easily applied without any risk of breaking the tooth. Having been thus carefully applied on the neck of a tooth, the edges of the forceps should be held parallel to the edge of the gum, and should be made to press it down a little, in order to get at the neck about a line below the usual height of the gum the handle of the forceps are then pressed gradually but firmly together, and in a moment the upper part of the tooth snaps off, including the cavity containing the expansion of the nerve, and thus in an instant permanently relieves all pain. The advantages of this operation are—1st. It is painless and instantaneously performed—2d. The surface of the sound tooth remaining in the jaw, presents a firm base for mastication; or for the fixture of an artificial tooth.—3d. What is of the greatest moment, the stump or stumps left in the jaw afford a firm support to the adjoining teeth, and without which support the alveolar process corresponding to the part before occupied by the diseased tooth, and a part of the interstice structure of the jaw, become absorbed; the adjoining teeth in a few years become loose, and ultimately prematurely fall out, as daily experience shows. Mr. Fay has, for his improvement in this branch of surgery, and forceps for the perpendicular extraction of teeth, when extraction may be absolutely required, received the large silver medal from the Society of Arts; and the instruments, with engravings, will be published in the next volume of the Transactions of the Society.—*Eng. pag.*

Salt.—Mr. Russell, in his Tour in Germany, says, if the experience of Austria and Sillesia be correct, wood will not burn when impregnated with salt. Learned societies have recommended that the wood to be used in roofing should previously be saturated with salt, in which state, they say, will resist fire as effectually as either slates or tiles will do. Mr. R. says the wood which supports the

vaulted roofs of the salt mines of Wielicyka, in Poland, is now a hard rock; and he was assured that the dead bodies of animals and men, which remain in the salt caverns, do not putrify, but become as dry and hard as mummies.

Dissimulation.—When persons are in love, they put the best side outwards. A man who is desirous of pleasing takes a world of care to conceal his defects. A woman knows still better how to dissemble. Two persons often study for six months together how to please one another, and at last they marry and punish one another the remainder of their lives for the dissimulation.

Immortality.—The greatest part of those who deny the immortality of the soul, only maintain this opinion because they wish it. They fancy to themselves that they can allay the stings of conscience with which they are pricked. But in the height of their debaucheries and pleasure, the truth, which stares them in the face, whether they will or no, begins those punishments to which they are doomed after death.

Money.—Money like manure does no good till spread; there is no real use of riches except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth as that may be said to possess him.

Woman.—In the heathen world, and under the Jewish dispensation she was the slave of man. Christianity constituted her his companion.—But as our religion gradually lost its power in the dark ages, she sunk down again to her deep moral degradation. She was the first to fall in the garden of Eden; and perhaps it was a judgement upon her, when the whole human character was now so low, she sank the lowest; and was the last to rise again to her original consequence in the scale of being. The age of chivalry, indeed, exalted her to be an object of adoration. But it was a profane adoration, not founded upon the respect due to a being of immortal hopes and destined as well as man. The high character has been conceded to her at a later period as she slowly attained the rank ordained for her by heaven. Although this change in the relation of women to man and to society is both an evidence and a consequence of an improvement in the human condition, yet now her character is a cause operating to produce a still greater improvement. And if there be anyone cause to which we may look with more confidence than to others, for hastening the approach of a more perfect state of society, that cause is the elevated character of woman as displayed in the full development of all her moral and intellectual powers.

The reason we are so changeable in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the heart, and easy to know those of the head.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE HEROIC DAUGHTER.

When the French revolution first began to desolate the homes of France, to drag its devoted victims one by one from the circle of affection, and crowd the scaffolds with martyrs, D'Azinval fled his country. A moment he paused as the spirit of patriotism spoke within him, and the throbbings of his heart grew quicker, while he contemplated the altars of France overthrown, her laws outraged, her children massacred; while the myrmidons of anarchy and atheism desolated the sceptre of her power, and filled her high places. But, alas! for his country, he felt it vain to raise his arm; it might draw down destruction on his head, but could not avert it one moment from her's. The demon of discord, like the hot blast of sirocco, withered her virtue and invaded her strength; and hostile as it was to his nature, he saw it was the part of wisdom to prostrate himself, like the traveller in the desert, till its fury had passed.

Nor was this resolution the result of considerations that centred in self; he had a tie that weakened the love of country; the feelings of the patriot were merged in the fears and the affections of the parent, and to withdraw his young and lovely Adele from the scenes of terror was the first motive of his flight.

In their early progress, one engrossing anxiety, the safety of his darling charge, pervaded his soul. The companionship of the precious pledge of early love and former happiness, gave an elasticity to his step, and an energy to his conduct, that would have been unknown to him as a lonely fugitive; but embarked on the broad bosom of the ocean, in proportion as her security became certain, some recollections and regrets arose; the wind and the waters, and the clear sky, spoke of no foes to the happiness and innocence of his child, but they left him leisure to re-create the past, and to anticipate the future. He turned to the land of his fathers, the cradle of his hopes and the grave of his happiness, and now first felt himself an emigrant.

The possession of property in the island had determined him to make choice of St. Domingo. When its craggy rocks first struck his view, he gazed on it as a vast dungeon, and those rough outworks with which nature had fenced it, appeared the barriers of hope. Not so to the light and buoyant heart of Adele, who wearied with her voyage, longed to tread again on terra firma; certain in all the confidence of young existence and unchecked expectation, of meeting happiness every where, her joyous and brilliant nature was never long under eclipse, even when her sensibility was most touched with the apparent melancholy of her father.

Established on the island, Adele made her father's home the theatre of her exertions. Her taste, elegance, and ingenuity, supplied the place of expensive luxuries, while her lively spirits and happy temper pervaded the whole sphere of domestic management with a harmony and lustre which were sunshine and music to the soul.—D'Azinval felt that the indulgence of sorrow was ingratitude to Heaven; and though the destiny

of France threw a shadow on his happiness, it grew, under the influence of the expanding charms and virtues of his child, more pure than he had ever dared to hope for in this world.

Their little habitation, seated on the gentle declivity of a mountain, was at once sheltered and embellished by all that nature so abundantly yields in this rich and fertile island. The golden orange and the fragrant citron gratified the senses with their sweetness, odour, and beauty—while the oak, the elm, the pine, and numerous other trees, rose majestically around the remote precincts of their cottage. Its access was a terrestrial paradise; D'Azinval had employed his time in forming it to his own and Adele's taste; fountains supplied from springs of purest water, every where "shook their loosened silver in the sun," and gave a delicious coolness in the scene, in the midst of which the beautiful Adele, like another Eve, would often spread a sweet repast of fruit. All that could preserve the memory of France was carefully studied, yet mixed with much of the wild and picturesque beauty of luxuriant nature. This combination was no where more remarkable than in Adele herself, whose dark and abundant tresses were usually intertwined with fresh flowers, in the almost endless variety which taste, or the whim of the moment, might suggest.

It was a rich sunset, and Adele was standing by her father with a tame bird perched upon her finger, the pecking beak of which he had been regaling, when their attention was attracted by the approach of an Indian, who led towards them a European youth—young and beautiful, he came "like Morning led by Night." D'Azinval rose to meet them, and Adele stepped back, sheltering as she did so, her little fluttering favourite in her bosom.

The Indian, who spoke a little broken French, addressed D'Azinval with a vehemence of voice and gesture that considerably increased the difficulty attendant on understanding him, and he turned to the young stranger for explanation. The youth addressed a few words to his guide, which had the effect of procuring silence, and then, with a pure accent, and much propriety of language, he stated that he was the only survivor of an unfortunate refuge family whom chance had thrown upon the Indian's hospitality, in whose hut a malignant fever had carried off his last remaining relatives, an uncle and a brother—and that he was himself only just recovered from an attack of the same disorder; that the Indian was poor and could ill bear the burthen with which his humanity had encumbered him, and having heard by chance of the vicinity of Monsieur D'Azinval, he had persuaded Cubal (the Indian) to conduct him to his countryman, hoping through his means to be placed in some way, as soon as his strength should be restored, of providing for himself, and probably rewarding his benefactor, the generous Indian. D'Azinval listened to the youth with the warmth of a brother, and bade him welcome. Cubal partook of some refreshment, but could not be persuaded to accept of any thing more; he pressed the young Lorraine to his heart, and bade him farewell in his own expressive language; then, turning to D'Azinval, he called him "*le bon blanc*," and with an act of reverence to Adele, as to a

being of a brighter sphere, the dusky stranger departed.

All the hoarded love of country that had silently accumulated in D'Azinval's heart poured itself forth on this unfortunate child of France, who had been thus unexpectedly thrown under his protection. He saw with delight the natural consequences of two beings so young, so beautiful as Adele and Louis being brought into contact; and he smiled on their young and innocent loves, as we may imagine did the patriarchs of old on those of their children, when the world was yet young, and equal worth and mutual affection formed the only bonds of union. If Adele had been before a creature of happiness and beauty, she was much more so now, when every charm was heightened under the influence of the most powerful stimulant the human heart acknowledges. From the first she had united with her father in all the kindly offices of hospitality; as a stranger, as an invalid, Louis Lorraine had called upon her pity; her sweet song, and sweeter smile, were ever ready to chase sorrow and despondence from his soul—while her gentle cares, and delicate attentions brought back the glow and vigour of health, and Louis paid her sweet charity with all he had to give—his heart; and never was there a heart more warm, more undivided.

The felicity of a purer sphere than this appeared to crown the dwelling of D'Azinval; and the regrets of the past were lost in the enjoyments of the present. The richest charms of nature, the purest sweets of domestic life, blessed his home of exile, and he sometimes doubted whether the meridian of Paris, or his villa in its environs, would have afforded so sweet and safe a sanctuary. The interest of politics, the fineness of society, would have crept in; pomp and pagantry would frequently have displaced social enjoyment and careless ease; Adele, instead of being the arbitress of one happy and devoted heart, and been the idol of a crowd with scarcely a heart among them; and, in drawing these contrasts, D'Azinval felt that retirement, illumined by enlightened minds, and enlivened and endeared by domestic ties, was the true sphere of human happiness.

But as nothing in this world is perfect, so neither is there any thing permanent, and the felicity of the three happiest beings the earth had ever held was destined to experience an eclipse when it was in its meridian lustre. The day was fixed that was to blend the destinies of the young lovers; and the blush of modest joy was on the cheek of Adele as she listened to the raptures of her future husband, while they strolled through the sweetest scenes illumined by the brightest moonlight. Suddenly Lorraine heard his name. He paused and listened: again some invisible being called upon him. He answered the call, telling the stranger to come forth: an Indian appeared. Bidding her not to be alarmed, Louis left Adele, and withdrew a few paces to converse with him; then returning to his mistress, he cried, "Let me attend you to the house, Adele, I must leave you immediately. Be not alarmed, my love, my stay will not be long."

"But why must you go? Why, Louis, must you go?"

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tell you. Cubal, the generous Cubal is dying, and desires to see him. He saved my life, Adele!"

"Heaven bless him for that!" cried she, clasping her hands. "Go, Louis! How selfish am I to stay, you—but—" she hesitated between shame and love—"you will hasten back the moment that you can."

They parted, and Adele now really felt how dear to her heart, how necessary to her happiness, was Lorraine. The many terrors that crowded in her breast, the tedium of the hours, all told her the extent and power of his dominion. She rose early the following morning from a restless couch, and tried to assume a cheerfulness she did not feel; but there was anxiety on her father's brow, and her forced spirits meeting no support, she sunk more exhausted from the effort. Circumstances connected with the politics of France so much occupied the mind of D'Azinval, that he could not forbear giving his thoughts utterance—nay, he even hinted that the unjust and summary proceedings of ephemeral tyrants might extend to himself. Adele heard him without emotion: those fears appeared to her unreal, at least remote; and the absent Lorraine continued to engross her thoughts. Alas! other ills were hastening on, as undreaded by the love-sick girl as they were unexpected.

The fears of D'Azinval were but too true; for a party of French dragoons came galloping to his mansion, and made him prisoner, and departed to the place of his confinement.

At that moment a thought came to her mind which she hastened to accomplish; and, ere many minutes had elapsed, disguised in male attire, she followed the steps of D'Azinval.

She followed at a distance; it was neither her purpose, nor was it in her power to overtake him. A discovery might end in her committal to a separate prison, but while free and unknown she might hover near, and perchance bring him timely aid. Animated by the light of the torches, which the foremost of the sanguinary myrmidons carried, these delicate feet, hitherto known to little else but the satin slipper, suited to the light dance and the light steps with which she trod her little rural rambles, were incased in a pair of boots belonging to a young domestic her glossy tresses, rarely encumbered with more than a chaplet of flowers, were tucked under a foraging cap, while a cloak of Lorraine's concealed the rest of her unsuitable attire.

Insensible to fatigue, she pursued her way; all the courage of her sex, which ever rises in proportion to the emergency that calls it forth, strung her nerves, nor did one feminine emotion sicken her heart till she beheld the prison gate close, and shut her father from her eyes. Then burying her face in her cloak she sunk into a recess of a building, against which she leaned and which commanded a view of the prison. Suddenly arousing herself from this agony of despair, she looked up to heaven, ejaculating "God of the innocent! just and omnipotent Being give me thy aid!" Fortitude instantly renewed her broken spirit; a confidence in divine support inspired the radiance of hope in her heart, and she sat collecting her thoughts and resting her shaking frame, unnoticed and unnoticed, though crowds kept passing and repassing where she sat.

The mid-day sun was riding high in the heavens—twelve hours of unremitted and unrefreshed fatigue had been passed, when the creaking of the hinges of the heavy prison doors again called every thought to her father. She saw the guard issue forth, with their superiors, "pranked in authority," exerted for the worst of purposes—All the pomp of military parade was there. She drew her cap close down upon her face, and her cloak closer about her form, and mingled in the crowd which had begun to intercept her view.—Her heart beat almost to suffocation, as a few paces whence she stood, she beheld her father pass, followed by a crowd of prisoners. She heard the word of command, she saw them marshalled to the place of execution; again she called upon the God of the universe, and stifling her emotion, followed.

Revolutionary executioners had grown weary of the task of despatching their victims one by one, and on the present occasion, as on many others, the prisoners were assembled in a crowd, in order to be destroyed at once by a discharge of musketry. All was arranged—the condemned stood together—men upon the threshold of eternity. Some closed their eyes (for there were many who refused to have them bandaged) as though to shut out the dreadful view of the gulf before them; others looked up to heaven, where alone they could hope for mercy. The muskets were levelled—not a breath was to be heard—'twas the awful silence which preceded the signal of death—of murder rather. The signal was on the commandant's lips, when suddenly a shriek was heard, and Adele, from whose head the cap had fallen, leaving her tresses free to float upon the wind, was seen to rush into the arms of her parent; and the piercing agony in which she exclaimed, "My father!" as she sunk upon his bosom, thrilled even to the breast of the sanguinary ruffians around. A pause still more awful, still more touching, followed, in which D'Azinval gazed in voiceless emotion on his pale child, clinging to him with convulsive tenderness and terror. He was bewildered with the flood of feelings that rushed upon him. There appeared no time to save her, for he every instant expected the thunder of death, when a signal from the commandant stopped the intended fire. Heart-struck by the magnanimity, the self-sacrifice, the courage, of a creature so young and so lovely, he felt as though he had been warned by a voice from heaven to perform an act of mercy. The prisoners were remanded to their dungeon. The tears of hope, of gratitude, of admiration, sprung into all eyes as the unexpected reprieve was pronounced. All were moved but Adele; she unconscious that they were not still to be led to death, grasping her father, moved onward like a beautiful statue—as white, and almost as cold.

It will require but a few words to detail the closing scene. During the time Adele was clinging to her father, Lorraine returned and rushed into her arms, when she immediately recovered. They all repaired to the villa of D'Azinval—Lorraine and Adele were joined in wedlock, and all was festivity and joy.

COURTSHIP.

I cannot, for my own part, divine how poor

lovers, get through with all the difficulties they have to encounter in their progress to the hearts of the fair. The Hesperian fruit is so guarded—so many Hydra-headed monsters start up in the way, that it appears to me they must have nerves of iron, and invincible courage to persevere in their undertakings.

Though supposed to possess a competent share of "modest assurance" myself, I am convinced, could the dear torments know how my heart has quailed and shrunk within me upon entering their august presence, they would give me credit for much resolution, and do what they could to alleviate my sufferings.

There is the appalling fear that your visit may not be well timed; there is the ceremonious civility of the father; the negative demeanor of the mother; the suppressing tittering of the sister; the quizzical face of the brother; there sits the sagacious aunt, or more sagacious grandmother, with spectacled nose, over which the eyes glance portentously; there, too, the uncle, worldly wise; or grandpapa, formidable in experienced sayings. Nephews, and nieces, and cousins, "in long array a numerous host," arise to your perturbed imagination; not to please the least of which is death to your hopes.

Then there is the *rival*, (odious name,) with whom you may despair or disdain to enter into competition; on whom the sunny smile of the contested fair falls radiant, light his face in triumph, while you are doomed to the averted aspect or the uninterrogating monosyllabic conversation. Perhaps your generous bosom seems to be made subject to the harrassing, debasing feelings of jealousy, or to entertain ill will against one whose only offence is a too close agreement of opinion and taste with yourself, and in preference you are induced to relinquish the prize; to abandon the presence of the loved one.

Next comes the chance of cautious suggestions from some too friendly quarter; and misrepresentation defeats your hopes, or prejudice places insurmountable barriers in your way. Misunderstandings from maiden delicacy on the one side; and diffidence (say not pride) on the other, often defeat the first efforts of opening love. Assumed boldness, or fancied neglect; the necessity of disguise, or the fear of premature disclosure, and the thousand doubts and uncertainties to which these give rise keep the heart in a sad state of agitation and embarrassment.

Much depends upon the peculiar cast of mind of her on whom your attention is fixed; if light, and unsteady, you, of course, soon turn away from perfect beauty; but perhaps your charmer, whose character is in fact inestimable, has pictured to herself some high-wrought image of perfection—some ivory statue of her own exquisite workmanship has possession of her fancy, and experience has not yet taught her it can never breathe into existence; nor yet suggested that the human mind may form ideas, or excellence humanity can never attain to, and that the imperfect should allow for imperfections. Descriptions of character drawn from some well approved novel are adopted as models; some fanciful Maria Porter, or Maturin, has delighted their *beau ideal*, and the humanity of self knowledge shrinks from the hard standard.

The imagination having taken his turn, though it apes the appearance of prudence, caution and sagacity, it betrays us into many errors. The formality and external correctness of some acquaintance serve well to awaken the idea of a Sir Charles Grandison; and the block fairly fixed, is robed with Richardson's best applause. Dullness passes for reflection, timidity for magnanimity, sobriety or piety, a want of spirit for good temper; while the accomplishments in which Richardson's hero, in fact, excelled—the polish forming the external finish of the character, often awaken the suspicion of lightness or superficiality; “all is not gold that glitters,” is a favorite maxim, true, indeed, but I answer, *gold always glitters.*

The happiness of domestic life will depend chiefly upon the qualities of good humor, good sense, honorable, warm, and benevolent feelings, aided and secured by elevated views, and fixed principles, together with delicacy, and refinement of thought and manner; if to these are superadded talents and information; I know not the person who ought to ask for more.

There remains to mention another grand obstacle to the success of the lover, resulting from female delicacy and the cares and troubles of a marriage state; and here I should be tempted to exclaim with the French enthusiast, “dear, suffering woman! let us recompense thee for all thou sustainest, as far as is within our power, by rendering thy person *sacred*.” But the content of celibacy is selfish, and its condition solitary and austere: there is more true delight in one hour's interchange of kind affections, and refined and devoted love, than in an age of unmarried existence.

VARIETY.

Antipathies.—Henry III. of France, could not stay in the room where there was a *cat*; though so immoderately fond of *dogs*, that the Duke de Pully says, on his first audience, he had a basket full of young puppies suspended by a black string from his neck, and was playing with them all the time of the conference. The Duke d'Epemon would faint at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albert could not endure a wild boar nor a sucking pig. Ulidislus, King of Poland, was distracted at the sight of apples. Nor could Erasmus even smell fish without being greatly agitated. Scaliger trembled at the sight of the watercresses. Tyco Brahe felt his limbs sink under him, when he met either a hare or a fox. Bacon swooned at the eclipse of the moon; Boyle fell into convulsion on hearing the sound of water drawn from a cock. James I. could not endure the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Renelm Digby tell us, “that the King's hand shook so much in knighting him, that he would have run the point of the sword into his eye, if the Duke of Buckingham had not directed it into his shoulder.” La Motte de Vayer could not endure music, but delighted in thunder. An Englishman, in the the seventeenth century was near expiring whenever the fifty-third

chapter of Isaiah was read to him; and a Spaniard, about the same period, fell into a *syncope* when he heard the word *lana* (wool) mentioned, though his coat was made of that substance.

An Inference.—A servant had lived many years with a clergyman, and his master took occasion to say—“John you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you will be able to preach a sermon as well as I.” “O no, sir,” said John, “but many an inference I have drawn from yours.” “Well,” said the clergyman, “I will give you a text out of job, let me hear what you infer from it.” “And the asses snuffed the east wind.” “Well,” replied John, “the only inference I can draw from this is that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it.”

Integrity and Modesty Rewarded.—A certain Cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him the patron of the poor. This excellent man had a constant custom, once a week to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one, according to their various necessities, and the dictates of his benevolence. One day, a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. Upon which, her eyes filling with tears, she thus addressed herself to him: ‘My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay; my landlord threatens to turn us out. What I beg of you is that you would be pleased to interpose on our behalf, and obtain for us a little time, till by honest industry, we can procure the money for him.’ The cardinal, moved with compassion for the poor woman's distress, bid her be of good courage; then he immediately wrote a note, and giving it into the woman's hand, ‘Go,’ said he, ‘to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent.’ The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the order. When he had read it, he counted out fifty crowns; she astonished at the circumstance, and not knowing what the cardinal had written, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use, were insufficient to prevail on her to

take any more than five crowns. Wherefore to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that benevolent prince, and he was fully informed of the business, ‘It is true,’ said he, ‘I mistook, in writing fifty crowns, give me the paper and I will rectify it.’ Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, ‘so much modesty and virtue deserves a recompense, here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a portion to give with your daughter in marriage.’

Causes of Intemperence.—The late President Dwight, in a sermon on intemperence, mentions, among the causes of that most fatal and alarmingly prevalent evil the following:—

1. Example. 2. Frequenting those places where strong drink is conveniently obtained. 3. Evil companions. 4. Customary and regular drinking.

Its Evils.—1. It exhibits the subject of it in the light of extreme odiousness, and degradation. 2. Drunkenness exposes the subject of it to many, and those often extreme dangers. 3. The drunkard exposes himself to many temptations and many sins. 4. A drunkard necessarily wastes his own property. 5. The drunkard destroys his health. 6. The drunkard wastes his reputation. 7. The drunkard destroys his reason. 8. The drunkard destroys his usefulness. 9. The drunkard ruins his family.—(1. He spreads through his family the habit of intoxication. 2. By squandering their property he deprives them of both comfort and respectability. 3. He breaks their heart by subjecting them to insupportable mortification.) 10. The drunkard destroys his life. 11. The drunkard ruins his soul.

Law.—To seek redress of grievances by having recourse to the Law, is too aptly compared to sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.

A Profligate Pig.—On Tuesday a person living in Maidstone, left home with his family, to pick hops. Being afraid that the pig in the sty might be stolen, they transferred him to the cellar. After some time piggy contrived to ascend into the kitchen, and inspected the cupboard; in that he found about two pounds of bacon, which, in a most cannibal like manner, he devoured. His repast soon making him thirsty, our hero, it is supposed sought about for something to allay his thirst, and in the course of his researches, he smelt something savory in the upper regions. Accordingly he scrambled up stairs into a bed room. There he found wherewith to wash down the bacon, for on the floor stood several bottles of elder berry wine. ‘Drawing of corks’ he did not understand, but in ‘cracking a bottle’ he proved himself to be as dexterous as any *bon vivant* in the parish. But his freak now drew to a close poor piggy got ‘as drunk as David's sow;’

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he capered about, threw down the chairs, upset a certain utensil, broke the wash stand bason, and swallowed the soap. The last performance proved the cause of great alarm to the neighborhood, for in the gaiety of his heart, he got up on his hind legs, and with his snout all over soap suds, and his master's night cap on his head, looked out of the window for the benefit of the air. Being observed, a great outcry was raised, and it was quickly rumored that there was a mad pig, *foaming at the mouth*, looking out of a chamber window in Carey street; and the tipsy proker by all accounts certainly had a very queer look. It was proposed to shoot him to prevent further mischief, but after much *pro* and *con* a resolute man went up, and by a little skilful manœuvring popped poor piggy into a poke, brought him safely down, and he was safely deposited in his sty, without other damage to himself than being a *little the worse for liquor*.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

THE POET'S DOG.

The manner in which Pope, the greatest of English Poets, was preserved by the uncommon sagacity of his dog is truly remarkable. This animal, who was called Marquis, could never agree with a favorite servant of this illustrious writer; he constantly growled when near him, and would even show his teeth when this servant approached. Although the English Poet was singularly attached to this dog, (who was a spaniel of the largest species,) yet on account of his extreme neatness, which he pushed almost to excess, he would never allow him to remain in his chamber. Nevertheless, in spite of the most positive orders, the spaniel would frequently sneak towards evening into the apartment of his master, and would not be driven from it without the greatest difficulty. One evening having slipped very softly in without being perceived, this animal placed himself under the bed of his master, and remained there scarcely breathing. Towards morning, the servant rushed hastily into the chamber of Pope. At this moment, the faithful dog suddenly left his post and leaped on the villain, who was armed with a pistol. The poet started from his sleep; he threw open the window to call for assistance, and beheld three highwaymen, who had been introduced by his servant into the garden of his villa, for the purpose of robbing him of his most valuable possessions after having assassinated him. Disconcerted by this unforeseen accident, the robbers hesitated a moment, and then took flight. The servant thus betrayed by the watchful dog, was sentenced to forfeit his life. How powerful the instinct of this faithful animal, by whose astonishing sagacity was thus preserved the life of a man of whose fame England may justly be proud.

The same dog, shortly after this singular event, exhibited another proof of his remarkable instinct. Pope, reposing one afternoon in a little wood about three leagues distant from his house, lost a watch of great value.

On returning home, the poet wished to know the hour, and found the watch was not in his pocket. Two or three hours had elapsed, and a violent storm was just commencing. The poet called his dog, and making a sign which Marquis very well understood, he said, "I have lost my watch—go look for it." At these words Marquis departed, quick as the flash which lighted his steps, and repaired, no doubt, to every spot at which his master stopped. It so happened that the poor animal was so long occupied in the search as to create great anxiety, for midnight had arrived and he had not yet returned. What was the astonishment of Pope, when on rising in the morning, he opened his chamber door, and there beheld his faithful messenger lying quietly and holding in his mouth the splendid jewel which he had returned perfectly unimpaired, and which was the more highly valued by the poet, as it had been presented to him by the Queen of England.

"Dear me! dear me!" said a lady, almost swooning, as a gentleman cut his hand whilst opening oysters for her. "Get water," cried one; "Bathe her temples," said another. "Don't trouble yourselves," returned the lady, recovering, "I was only shocked, lest he should not be able to open any more for me!"

ADMIRABLE LEGISLATION. About two years ago, the British parliament made it a high misdemeanor to rob orchards. The act is put in force with wonderful vigilance.—Recently *six little boys*, four of whom were between six and nine years of age, and two of them about ten, were taken up for stealing a couple of hats full of pears from the *Reverend G. Chamberlain's* garden. They did not deny the fact and were sentenced—the eldest to *three months on the treadmill*!—the next, to *two months*!—the *four little ones*, to *one month each*!!! If these boys have a spark of sensibility, they are ruined for ever. If they have any talent, they will make that talent a curse to their country; and who can blame them if they do? Four *infants*, put to a treadmill for stealing a handful of pears and apples!!! It is a foul disgrace to the English character.

MIND AND MANNERS.

There seems to be some congeniality between a fine form and a virtuous mind. When we meet an individual in the walks of life who unites pleasing manners with beauty of person, there is none that can withhold from him the meed of approbation. But if on a further acquaintance we discover that his principles are unsound, his feelings perverted, and his habits so many hypocritical assumptions, we are compelled to turn ourselves away in disgust. It is like the traveller who copies afar off a pleasant grove of or-

ange trees, quivering in the western breeze. The tinge of the fruit rivals the beams of the rosy sun; the fragrance of the branches scents the whole atmosphere. The traveller approaches in rapture and discovers it the haunt of serpents, wild beasts, or wilder Indians. Such too often is the result of cultivated acquaintance in the world.

Wit without discretion.—A trite, and ill-timed witicism, may, by circumstances, be converted into the keenest *satire*, which last, would be hurled from social life, were it not a sort of glass wherein beholders, generally, discover every body's features but their own, and when otherwise, the resentment or pain excited, which commonly adds strength to the body, relaxes the mind, and thus renders its efforts to punish the aggressor impotent.

Negro Anecdote.—Negroes are apt to steal, but are very credulous, and they are easily detected. Capt. Young, of Grenada, gave a black butcher, of the name of Caffee, a hog to kill; when the Captain went to see it, Caffee said, "Dis very fine hog, Massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no lights." Captain Young—"that is strange Caffee; let me see in the book." He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, and turned over the leaves, looked very earnest—"I see Caffee go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights." Caffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said, "O Massa, Caffee no go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights." He restored them, and trembling awaited his punishment. Captain Young only laughed, and made him a present of them.

As the two sexes in ancient Greece had but little communication with each other and a lover was therefore seldom favoured with an opportunity of making known his passion to his mistress; he used to discover by inscribing her name on the walls of his house, on the barks of the trees, in public walks, or in the leaves of books. It was customary also for him to deck the doors of the house in which his fair one lived, with flowers and garlands; to make libations of wine before it, and sprinkle the entrance with the same liquor. Garlands were of great use among the Greeks in the affairs of love; when a man untied his garland, it was a declaration of his having been subdued by that passion; and where a woman composed a garland, it was a tacit confession of the same thing.

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THE WREATH.

For the Literary Casket.

THE EMIGRANT.

The emigrant sigh'd as he look'd on his home,
And again as he look'd on the ocean;
To the land of his birth his heart fondly clung,
And swell'd with the heat of emotion.

What feelings were his when he gave the last kiss,
When he breath'd out his final adieu,
When he thought of past days of pleasure and bliss,
Of the future full dark to his view!

He embark'd on the main with a heart beating high,
With the scenes of his youth in his mind;
With a sigh from his breast and a tear in his eye,
His heart clung to those left behind.

As the land of his birth, the light of his soul,
Receding, still languish'd in view,
And as he on the wave of the ocean did roll,
His heart bade earth's pleasures adieu.

When the shore of old Plymouth full wild met his eye,
And the yell of the savage his ear,
He felt—but he breath'd from his breast not a sigh,
And dropp'd from his eye not a tear.

Though the howl of the wolf and the savages yell,
Re-echo'd the lone forest 'round,
Though the roar of the lion on his ears wildly fell,
Yet the object he sought, he there found.

PENOA.

CHANGES.

Leaves grow green to fall,
Flowers grow fair to fade,
Fruits grow ripe to rot—
All but for passing made.

So all our hopes decline,
So joys pass away,
So do feelings turn
To darkness and decay.

Yet some leaves never change,
Some scenes outlive their bloom,
Some fruits delight for years,
'Mid all this death and doom.

So are there some sweet hopes
That linger to the last—
Affections that will smile
Even when all else is past.

Only to patient search
Blessings like these are given—
When the heart has turn'd from earth,
And sought for them in heaven.

THE LAWYER'S LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh! bear my wig to my mistress dear;
Tell her it once had three tails behind,
And a row of curls beneath each ear!

Bid her not waste one stick of pomatum,
Or buy any oil, decayed hairs to mend;
But now and then kitchen-stuff beg to strait 'em;
She sure can borrow that much from a friend.

When the light of my pipe is o'er,
Oh! take my 'bacca box from yon shelf;
Lay it up in the secret store,
Where you keep little things for yourself.

Be! if a smoker wanders forsaken,
Who weary and wet has come from afar,
Oh! let a nip from the box be taken,
And bid him think on the 'Merican war!

Take this ink-bottle, now o'erflowing,
Your study to grace when you sit demure;
Never! oh, never a tint bestowing,

Unless of a fee you are first secure.
But if some lean, half-famished attorney
For charity asks so supple and slim,
Oh! then my ghost with a glare shall burn ye,
If ten full drops you refuse him.

THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

Silent and dark as the source of yon river,
Whose birth place we know not, and seek not to know
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er its silver white blossom,
Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,
As though 'twere enamoured itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers
On the stream, as it lov'd the bright place of its rest;
And its waves pass in song, as the sea-shell's soft num-
bers
Had given to these waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower dropt and sunny
There the first birth of violets odour-showers weep,
There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun;
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen?
Who can say whence it springs in its beauty? not one.

Oh my heart, and my song, which is as my heart's
flowing,
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thy own!
'Mid those the chief praise and thy music bestowing,
Who cares for the lips from whence issue the tone?

Dark as its birth place so dark is my spirit
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came;
'Tis the long after course, not the source, will inherit
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

STANZAS.

The bloom of the eastern rose is gone
In the blushing pride of its early morn:
The form that was light as the bounding roe,
Is still and cold as the Alpine snow;
And the glance of her eye like the diamond bright,
Is quenched in the gloom of an endless night
There are sounds of woe from vale and steep,
And the dead is nigh—weep stranger, weep.

Weep, brother, weep—but yet draw near,
And gaze with me on the silent bier,
O! mark, as slow I raise the veil,
The altered hue of her features pale—
Come! touch the hand you used to hold;
Thou shudderest brother!—was it cold?
And her sunken eyes they are closed in sleep:
Why wakes she not?—weep, brother, weep.

Weep, sister, weep, for the Simon's blast
Hath swept o'er the loved one's face as it passed;
And the rosy tint of her cheek has fled,
For the Ashen hue that marks the dead.
The hand of love again may twine,
'Mid her raven locks the myrtle vine,
And the summer breeze her brow may sweep—
But she'll wake no more—weep, sister, weep.

From Mrs. Colvin's Messenger.

CONTENT.

Happy the man who duty taught,
Lives uncoerced by harsh control,
For shield has truth in deed and thought—
For buckler—an ingenuous soul.

Who never did a tale invent
Merit or stain, or worth molest;
But judging by his own intent,
Of every soul believes the best!

Firm and erect in honor's walk,
Disdains alike the flatterer's praise,
And envious Slander's hateful talk,
That evil mortals love to raise.

By Fortune's gift, by Rumour's smile,
By gold or glory, uelate,

With balance'd mind who baffles guile,
And many a care that goads the great.
Whose passions, sway'd by moral rules,
Lend reason vigorous wings to fly
Above low-thoughted, giddy fools—
Content to live—prepared to die.

Who past the noon of life, doth pray
For competence—not wealth, or power—
Grateful for comforts, day by day—
Health, cheerful mind—or book or power.

So dwells one mortal, unannoyed
By fear to fall, or hope to rise—
Both intellect and hands employed—
How rare a lot below the skies.

TO THE SONS OF ST. ANDREW.

Weel friends' wi' joy I'm fain to greet,
At seein' you sae' friendly meet,
Wi' a' these niceties to eat
And to delight you,
I too am fond o' gatherin's sweet,
And thus invite you,
To tak' wi' me a poet's dinner,
Tho' (truth to tell) as I'm a sinner;
Its thin, oh! moonshine is nae thinner,
Than my poor dishes,
Yet Music says, the treat will win her,
A' your good wishes.

Then, Music, since you'll hae it so,
Why—Pegasus, you jade, hailo!
Your mistress says that we maun go
And ride together,
Then, come, I'll teach you how to blow
This wintry weather.

Til for Tat.—Two would be poets once met, the one
schoolmaster, and the other a scholar. The school-
master was lame and unable to walk without the use
of a crutch. Both possessing a large share of self-con-
ceit, in order to try their poetical abilities, they agreed
to write two lines each, the scholar to write the first
lines, and the master the last, in such a manner that
they should accord and make sense with the first.—
They were to write any thing they pleased and to
bear any thing they pleased and to bear any thing that
was written in good temper. The scholar thus wrote:
There was a scholar went to school,
And his master was a fool.
The schoolmaster then added,
And the scholar's sense was such
That he could teach him with his crutch.

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Calvin Spaulding,	Hallowell.
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Isaac Hill,	Concord.
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Benjamin H. Greene,	Boston.
Samuel Bowles,	Springfield.
Levi Buckley,	Pittsfield.
CONNECTICUT.	
Hezekiah Howe,	New-Haven.
Samuel Greene,	New-London.
Ira E. Smith,	Berlin, (N. Britain Society.)
Norris Wilcox,	Berlin, (Warthington Society.)
Milo A. Holcomb,	Tariffville.
Thaddeus Welles,	Glastonbury.
L. T. Pease,	Putnam.
William S. Nichols,	Middletown.

JOB PRINTING

ELEGANTLY EXECUTED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF
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THE WEBSTER.

For the Literary Casket.

THE EMIGRANT.

The emigrant sigh'd as he look'd on his home,
And again as he look'd on the ocean;
To the land of his birth his heart fondly clung,
And swell'd with the heat of emotion.

What feelings were his when he gave the last kiss,
When he breath'd out his final adieu,
When he thought of past days of pleasure and bliss,
Of the future full dark to his view!

He embark'd on the main with a heart beating high,
With the scenes of his youth in his mind;
With a sigh from his breast and a tear in his eye,
His heart clung to those left behind.

As the land of his birth, the light of his soul,
Receding, still languish'd in view,
And as he on the wave of the ocean did roll,
His heart fade earth's pleasures adieu.

When the shore of old Plymouth full wild met his eye,
And the yell of the savage his ear,
He felt—but he breath'd from his breast not a sigh,
And dropp'd from his eye not a tear.

Though the howl of the wolf and the savages yell,
Re-echo'd the lone forest 'round,
Though the roar of the lion on his ears wildly fell,
Yet the object he sought, he there found.

PENOA.

CHANGES.

Leaves grow green to fall,
Flowers grow fair to fade,
Fruits grow ripe to rot—
All but for passing made.

So all our hopes decline,
So joys pass away,
So do feelings turn
To darkness and decay.

Yet some leaves never change,
Some scenes outlive their bloom,
Some fruits delight for years,
'Mid all this death and doom.

So are there some sweet hopes
That linger to the last—
Affections that will smile
Even when all else is past.

Only to patient search
Blessings like these are given—
When the heart has turn'd from earth,
And sought for them in heaven.

THE LAWYER'S LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh! bear my wig to my mistress dear;
Tell her it once had three tails behind,
And a row of curls beneath each ear!

But her not waste one stick of pomatum,
Or buy any oil, decayed hairs to mend;
But now and then kitchen-stuff beg to strait 'em;
She sure can borrow that much from a friend.

When the light of my pipe is o'er,
Oh! take my 'bacca box from yon shelf;
Lay it up in the secret store,
Where you keep little things for yourself.

But if a smoker wanders forsaken,
Who weary and wet has come from afar,
Oh! let a nip from the box be taken,
And bid him think on the 'Merican war!

Take this ink-bottle, now o'erflowing,
Your study to grace when you sit demure;
Never! oh, never a tint bestowing,

Unless of a fee you are first secure.
But if some lean, half-famished attorney
For charity asks so simple and slim,
Oh! then my ghost with a glare shall burn ye,
If ten full drops you refuse him.

THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

Silent and dark as the source of yon river,
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not to know
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er its silver white blossom,
Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,
As though it were enamoured itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers
On the stream, as it lov'd the bright place of its rest;
And its waves pass in song, as the sea-shell's soft num-
bers

Had given to these waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower dropt and sunny
There the first birth of violets odour-stowers weep,
There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun;
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen?
Who can say whence it springs in its beauty? not one.

Oh my heart, and my song, which is as my heart's
flowing,
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thy own!
'Tis those the chief praise and thy music bestowing,
Who caress for the lips from whence issue the tone?

Dark as its birth place so dark is my spirit
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came;
'Tis the long after course, not the source, will inherit
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

STANZAS.

The bloom of the eastern rose is gone
In the blushing pride of its early morn;
The form that was light as the bounding roe,
Is still and cold as the Alpine snow;
And the glance of her eye like the diamond bright,
Is quenched in the gloom of an endless night
There are sounds of woe from vale and steep,
And the dead is night—weep stranger, weep.

Weep, brother, weep—but yet draw near,
And gaze with me on the silent bier,
O! mark, as slow I raise the veil,
The altered hue of her features pale.—
Come! touch the hand you used to hold;
Thou shudderest brother!—as it cold?
And her sunken eyes they are closed in sleep:
Why wakes she not?—weep, brother, weep.

Weep, sister, weep, for the Simon's blast
Hath swept o'er the loved one's face as it passed;
And the rosy tint of her cheek has fled,
For the Ashen hue that marks the dead.
The hand of love again may twine,
'Mid her raven locks the marble vine,
And the summer breeze her brow may sweep—
But she'll wake no more—weep, sister, weep.

From Mrs. Colvin's Messenger.

CONTENT.

Happy the man who duty taught,
Lives uncorrected by harsh control,
For shield has truth in deed and thought—
For buckler—an ingenuous soul.

Who never did a tale invent
Merit or stain, or worth molest;
But judging by his own intent,
Of every soul believes the best!

Firm and erect in honor's walk,
Disdains alike the flatterer's praise,
And envious Slander's hateful talk,
That evil mortals love to raise.

By Fortune's gift, by Rumour's smile,
By gold or glory, unelate,

With balance'd mind who battles guile,
And many a care that goads the great.

Whose passions, sway'd by moral rules,
Lend reason vigorous wings to fly
Above low-thoughted, giddy fools—
Content to live—prepared to die.

Who past the noon of life, doth pray
For competence—not wealth, or power—
Grateful for comforts, day by day—
Health, cheerful mind—or book or power.

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By fear to fall, or hope to rise—
Both intellect and hands employed—
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